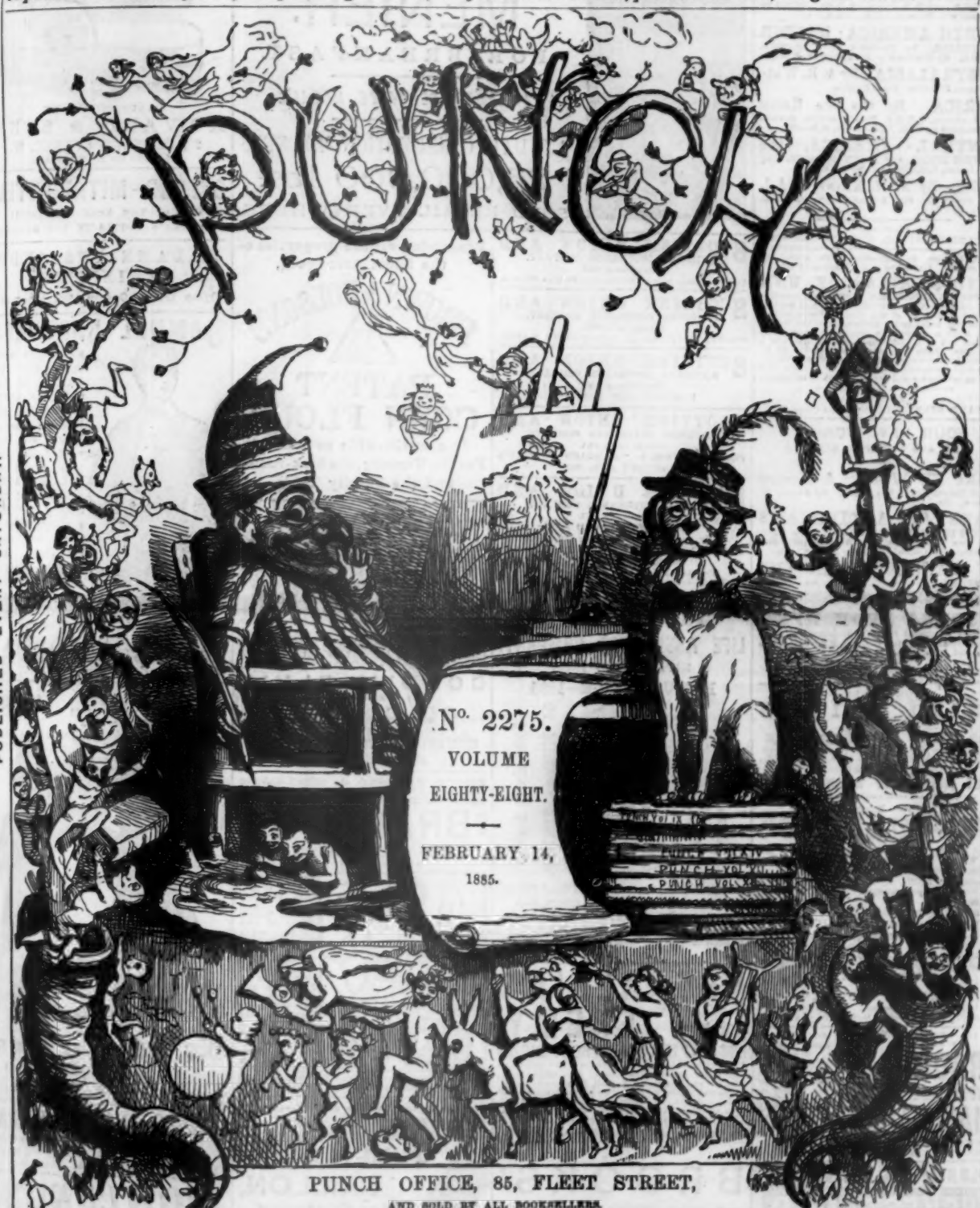


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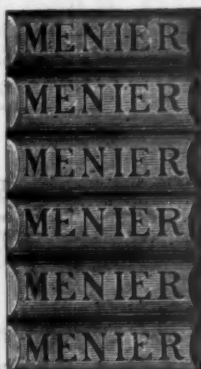
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HUNTING PUZZLE.

"MY DEAR FELLOW," HE HAS BEEN TOLD, "YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND A PLACE TO CREEP THROUGH SOMEHOW, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO JUMP." YES—BUT, CONFOUND IT! THE HOUNDS ARE RUNNING, AND WHERE IS THE PLACE TO CREEP THROUGH!"

IRELAND'S WORST ENEMIES.

ON the part of London Irish Working Men, apprehension has been expressed that a prejudice against them, excited by the late Dynamite Outrages, supposed to have been committed by countrymen of theirs, will subject them to the loss or refusal of employment. As well think of disbanding the "London Irish" Volunteers for fear of a Fenian "Devil's Own." It may surely be hoped that no employer of labour in England will so lose his head in a paroxysm of panic as to visit the atrocities of American- Irish miscreants on the heads of Anglo-Irish honest and good fellows. JOHN BULL is not the sort of Bull to go mad with fright, and behave with the unthinking fury of a frantic Bull in a China Shop. In the meanwhile, the Irish in our midst may well take note that the Dynamiters don't care a button what damage they may do them, whether by ruin of their means of living, or by blowing them up indiscriminately with their surrounding neighbours.

IN HIS ELEMENT.

A "BANK MANAGER" very reasonably the other day inquired in the columns of a Contemporary, whether, in the face of recent experience, something ought not to be done to improve the condition of our Detective Police Force? After commenting on the clumsy "make-up," the slouching march, and general lack of intelligence that characterise the present British *Mouchard*, he goes on very pertinently to ask, whether there is not material from which to form a corps of superior officials of this stamp to be found "among the Great Unemployed," suggesting that "even Actors without an engagement" might, with advantage to Society, present themselves without further delay, and offer their services at Scotland Yard. There is certainly something in the idea, at least, as far as the Dramatic profession is concerned; for who could so readily as the fairly experienced Actor could—either with or without a table for change of dress,—give a series of those "impersonations" proper to the detection of crime?

At the present moment there might be some difficulty in finding recruits; but later in the season, when the "Inventories" are in full swing, even some distinguished Stars might be induced to take a turn at the business. There are at least two leading Tragedians

whose manner, voice, and walk, could never be recognised even under the garb of the ordinary Police Constable; and they might really with great effect make essay of their powers in the service of the State as soon as Parliament meets. No man could be better qualified to prevent the blowing-up of somebody else's house than he who is in the habit of bringing down his own. Meantime here is a fine opportunity for the Dramatic School of Art. The President should look to it.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE; OR, REASSURING.

[A Cabinet Council was held yesterday in Downing Street. It has not transpired whether any definite line of action has yet been decided on by the Government.—*Daily Paper*, Friday, 6th inst.]

THE Right Hon. W. E. MICAWHERE GL-DST-NE said that, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, he had every reasonable hope that, in fact, "something would turn up." In the meantime—

THE L-RD CH-NC-LL-R remarked that, as far as he was concerned, he had not the slightest doubt—

Lord C-RL-NOT-ED heartily concurred, and would add—

Sir W-LL-AM H-RC-RT was entirely at one with him, and could not for the life of him conceive why—

Earl GR-NV-LLE would only observe that he fully anticipated—

The Earl of D-RBY held that, as matters stood, there appeared to him to be no possible occasion to decide whether—

The Marquis of H-RT-NOT-N considered, at the same time, a certain show of unity on the whole—

The Earl of K-MB-RL-Y might, taking a general view of the situation, be disposed to urge—

THE CH-NC-LL-R of the EXCH-Q-R could raise no definite plea whatever to oppose—

The Earl of N-BYTH-R-K TOOTS insisted that, as a pure matter of detail, it was not of "the slightest consequence" if—

The Right Hon. G. O. TR-V-LY-N felt that, in falling back on their previous position, they certainly ought—

The Right Hon. "JOEY" CH-MB-RL-Y felt as sanguine as any one at the Council Board events would finally show, that—

Sir CH-RL-S D-LKE did not see that any further continuance of the present discussion materially would— (*Et cetera.*)



"SOLD AGAIN!"

Robinson (at the window). "HULLO! THERE GOES THAT WOMAN BROWN'S SO DEAD SWEET ON!"

Mrs. R. (rushing up, with excitement). "WHERE!—WHO!—WHERE! WHAT, THAT—IN THE GREY—WHY, GEORGE, HOW RIDICULOUS YOU ARE! THAT'S HIS WIFE!"

Robinson. "EXACTLY, MY DEAR!"

[Tableau.]

TRAM-MELLED TOIL.

SCENE—Tramway Car of a Company which has just declared a Dividend of 9½ per cent., and whose Conductors are stated by the Chairman to be "employed for only sixteen hours a day."

Habitual Passenger (to next-door neighbour). Wonderful things, tramways.

Satisfied Shareholder (who has been reading about the dividend). Ah, you may well say so!

Habitual Passenger. So smooth, ain't they?

Satisfied Shareholder. Yes—and so paying!

Habitual Passenger. Scarcely ever hear of an accident. (To Conductor.) I've noticed you nodding, and closing your eyes, for some minutes, and—

Over-Worked Conductor (waking himself up with painful effort). Bless me, if I wasn't a-dropping off! You see, Sir, I didn't get much sleep last night. Wife's ill, and—

[Falls asleep again.]
Satisfied Shareholder (poking him with umbrella). Hi! hi! Wake up! (Conductor rouses himself with difficulty.) These men (turning to Passenger) give a lot of trouble;—never know when they're well off.

Habitual Passenger (sympathetically). Ah, I dessay. And yet the lower classes have such advantages nowadays. Now I'll be bound this man never attends the evening lectures on Political Economy at the Free Artizans and Chimney-sweepers' Academy and Institute. (To Conductor.) How do you employ your leisure, my good man?

Conductor (astonished). Employ my what?

Habitual Passenger. Your leisure—your spare time, you know.

Conductor. Haven't got no spare time.

Habitual Passenger. No spare time! Why, how long do you work a day?

Conductor. Sixteen hours.

Habitual Passenger (slightly staggered). Eh? Ah, well! (Looks for an explanation to Satisfied Shareholder, who pretends to be buried in newspaper.) It's competition, I suppose. Supply and demand—that sort of thing. Pity he doesn't attend those Political Economy lectures—then he'd understand all about it. But (brightening up, and again addressing overworked Conductor), at all events, there's Sunday—come now!

Conductor (sarcastically). Oh, yes, there's Sunday.

Habitual Passenger. Well, you can go to church on Sunday, you know.

Conductor. Can I? Anyhow, I don't.

Habitual Passenger. Shocking!

Satisfied Shareholder. Deplorable!

Habitual Passenger (soothingly). But, my friend, why do you not attend a place of worship on—?

Conductor (gruffly). Because my work is the same Sundays and week-days—that's why.

Habitual Passenger (still more staggered). Dear me! I didn't know that. (To Shareholder.) Is it a fact, do you know?

Satisfied Shareholder (carelessly). Oh, I believe so. You see, it's the fault of the trains and 'busses. If we didn't run on Sundays like them, why, where would our dividend be? Down to 8, or even 7 per cent., very likely!

[Is too overcome with the thought to continue.]

Habitual Passenger. That's true. And, after all, it's a free country! It would be tyranny to prevent these men working sixteen hours a day, Sundays as well as week-days, if they like to do it. Still—(reflectively)—it does seem rather—

[Relapses into silence for rest of journey.]

Bismarck's Booking-Office.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been letting fly a succession of official Books at the British Ministry, particularly the PREMIER and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. These volumes are somewhat strangely denominated "White Books." Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have the misfortune to be just now in the Great Chancellor's bad books. Now bad books, if symbolically and significantly bound, would surely be "Black Books."

"OUR ONLY GENERAL."—General Mismanagement.

"JOEY!"



Whoop! Here we are again! What a lark!

I'll stir 'em up a bit, yes, you bet!

Here's a poker will elicit some remark,—keep it dark!

It has never had a proper handler yet.

I will give 'em such a touching-up all round;

I can always say 'twas only JOEY's play.

With a rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy!

Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-tay!

Whoop! Didn't stolid HARTY give a start?

And didn't Pussy GRANVILLE give a jump?

I think that poker-practice is rare fun, for my part.

Don't think Sir WILLIAM does, but he's a pump.

We are getting on "by leaps and bounds" indeed,

As GLADSTONE—with a difference—would say.

With a rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy!

Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-tay!

Whoop! Ain't they all just getting in a scare?

Talk of burning questions, here is one that's hot.

Why, e'en saponaceous DERBY there can scarce keep on his hair;

Whilst the P. M. G. is boiling like a pot.

Hillo! Old Party spelling out *The Times*!

Here is a lark! Pat! There's a jump, I say!

With a rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy!

Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-tay!

Whoop! Here's a Bobby! GLADSTONE, on my word!

He looks as waxy as a College Don.

"Move on, you noisy rascal!"—Oh! with pleasure, like a bird!

(I rayther think I am a-moving on!)

Bless yer, Guv'nor, I'm not meaning any harm;

It is only JOEY's funny little way.

With a rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy!

Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-tay!



PERFUNCTORY.

"CAN I HAVE A DANCE?"—"OH YES. NUMBER EIGHTEEN!"

"THA-ANKS! ONLY I SHAN'T BE HERE!"—"NO MORE SHALL I!"

MEMOIRS OF A BLACK BAG.

(During the Last Week or Two.)

I AM a Black Bag—I can't help it—I didn't ask to be made black any more than a nigger; and as for being a bag, why I would just as soon have been the ROTHSCHILDS' Safe as the Queen's Privy Purse. I'm not particular, I'm not. But I wish to intimate that, if Black Bags are to be treated as they have been treated during the last few days, I'd like to emigrate, or be dyed pea-green or blood-red.

But what am I saying? Why, bless you, they wouldn't let me emigrate if I could. They'd stop me at any seaport; they'd turn me inside out at every railway station; and as for being dyed pea-green or scarlet—well, green's the colour of Ireland, and red's the colour of the Anarchists; and I should like you to tell me how I should fare under either disguise. No—I'm a Black Bag, and, what's worse, of the Gladstone persuasion; and my present lot is one I can't bear, though I have borne lots of various articles in my time.

Look here. I belonged to a Gentleman engaged in travelling for Soap-dealers eight or ten days ago. I was happy with him. A lot of the soap smelt nice, and he always wore gloves, even when he unpacked me, because they made an impression on the young Ladies in the Fancy Stationers'. Well, on a sudden, he plumps me down in a waiting-room while he goes to buy a bun and an evening paper. An old Lady sees me; there are nineteen simultaneous shrieks from other old Ladies, and all the soap inside me is melted because the porters insist on plunging me in a cistern of water before opening me. My owner sold me as soon as I was dry.

A young Barrister bought me—cheap, and knowing that blue bags were exploded—ugh! the ugly word!—things, and that Black Bags had superseded them, he crammed me full of all the manuscript he had had rejected by the Comic Press. He thought I looked full of briefs; but when he happened to get a real brief, and rose to address the Court, the Judge caught sight of me, and only fainted after having ordered me to be thrown out of window and him disbarred.

I descended in the social scale, and was used as a receptacle for taking halves of lobsters and slices of salmon home to dinner at Brixton by a wholesale Cheesemonger in the City. He was very proud of me for a time (for I have electro-silver fittings of the very best quality), but when he found that

nine Detectives were keeping guard over his Brixton villa, and each insisted on examining me down to my lining whenever he appeared, he began to regard me as an incubus, and passed me on to his Mother-in-law.

She, being naturally stout, in addition to possessing me, was arrested every time she entered an omnibus or even looked at a public building; and the genial Bohemian who won me at a subsequent raffle was even debarred from going into public-houses. Directly the young Ladies who draw the beer perceived me, they shrieked so shrilly that the beer turned sour.

I am now the property of a victim who hasn't been able to lay me down anywhere for four days and five nights. He has quarrelled with everybody because of me, and thinks of tying me to his neck, and throwing himself into the river. I wish he would; only I know I should float—or set the Thames on fire!

GREAT FOLKS' VALENTINES.

Salisbury to Gladstone.

"THE garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!"—SHIRLEY.

Gladstone to Salisbury—(with a Primrose).

"Ask me why this flower doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too!"—CAREW.

Chamberlain to the Editor of "The Times."

"You will swear I in earnest am?
Bedlam! this is pretty sport."—HABINGTON.

The Editor of "The Times" to Chamberlain.

"Lord! how you take upon you still,
How you crow and domineer!"—CHARLES COTTON.

Dilke to Chamberlain.

"Ours is no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place!"—SCOTT.

Chamberlain to Dilke.

"Simple and low is our condition,
For here, with us, is no ambition."—HEYWOOD.

Burgon to Huxley.

"Reason, thou vain impertinence,
Deluding hypocrite, begone!"
Oxford Miscellanies, 1685.

Sir F. Leighton to van Beers.

"Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends, and phantasie!"—BURTON.

Sir James Hannen to Mrs. Weldon.

"Put her to a farther trial,
Haply she'll take it!"—DRYDEN.

Sir Stafford Northcote to Lord Randolph Churchill.

"Tell me not of joys. There's none,
Now my little sparrow's gone!"—COWLEY.

Churchill to Northcote.

"Bound to none my fortunes be;
This or that man's fall I fear not!"—WITHER.

Ireving to Miss Mary Anderson.

"Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In scept'red pall come sweeping by."—MILTON.

Parnell to O'Donovan Rossa.

"I have elsewhere vowed a duty:
Turn away thy tempting eye."—WITHER.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson to Cardinal Manning.

"Oh, for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling Sherry!"—LILLY.

Cardinal Manning to Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

"Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait!"—MILTON.

Dr. Temple to his See.

"Bid me to live, and I will live,
Thy Protestant to be!"—HERRICK.

SONG OF SUBURBAN HOUSEHOLDERS AWAITING THE AD-
VENT OF THE DUSTMAN.—"We always use a Big, Big D!"

LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

BY EMINENT HANDS.

VI.—ON LORD SALISBURY.

MY DEAR LORD MARQUIS,

I AM not quite sure whether, if you could cast your eyes upon me just now, you would recognise the humble individual who addresses you. Your eyes are accustomed, I think I may say with increasing pleasure, to see me, perhaps



a little trimly and squarely, dressed in black clothes, whether it be morning or evening. As I sit and write in the still early morning in a verandah shaded from the almost fierce sun by the far-reaching branches of a peepul tree, I am arrayed in white linen, and am glad to remove my sun-helmet for a moment to catch the breath of the slightest wind that blows. Now your Lordship, I suppose, is sitting by the library fire in Hatfield (a place a little too big to be comfortable), or looking over the dun and desolate sea from deserted Dieppe.

I like to dwell on these circumstances of widely-varied physical condition, as they seem in keeping with the not less altered conditions under which our last correspondence was carried on. Your Lordship will remember it was in connection with the little scheme, of which you personally were entirely ignorant, for dispossessing me of the Presidency of our Caucus. I think the correspondence was rather on one side. I wrote your Lordship two tremendous epistles, but I don't think you went very deeply into the matter. This was about the time when, in the House of Commons, I besought Mr. GLADSTONE to give your Lordship another chance with the Franchise Bill, and denounced anyone who wilfully flouted the opportunity of conciliation. The correspondence was rather impressed on my mind because, a day or two after, I joined a very pleasant dinner-party in Arlington Street, and the next time I spoke in the House of Commons, declared that the Lords, in the attitude taken up by them on the Franchise Bill, were inspired by truly patriotic feelings, and that any who would counsel concession would deserve the contempt of the country.

Ah me! what children of circumstances we are. How we float hither and thither like a dried leaf borne upon the breeze, quite uncertain where we shall fall! Sometimes, do you know, my dear Lord, when I look back upon my political career, I am quite astonished.

However, it was not myself but your Lordship of whom I sat down to write. Naturally, I take an interest in your future career. I cannot say I brought your Lordship up by hand, for it was comparatively late in your life that circumstances compelled me to take a close personal interest in you. Still, my influence was so swift in operation and so far-reaching in its effects, that I naturally feel a responsibility for your future. To that end I will venture in the leisure moments of a perfect morning to drop a hint for your Lordship's garnering.

You have many advantages as Leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Peers. The principal one is, that there is no one else possible. RICHMOND has been tried, and proved hopelessly innocuous. CAIRNS wouldn't do at any price; and CRANBROOK, though he could hold his own in a noisy rattling way in debate, is neither big enough to fill the place, nor sufficiently long-established to presume to aspire to it. Your Lordship has held the post for some years now, and even the fond partiality of your Correspondent cannot permit him to deny that your rule has been a series of disastrous failures, which have shaken to its foundations an ancient institution. But for my defection, and for all you knew it meant, you would have hastened the end in November last.

All this comes from your supremely good opinion of yourself, at which I do not wonder in the daily comparison with other minds forced upon you by the political companionship that surrounds you on the Benches of the House of Lords. It is not given to you to enjoy constant and untrammelled counsel with

such men as WOLFF and GORST. Still there is something to be learned from the humblest mind and the least rich intelligence. Next time you are in a fix (which will probably be before the end of the Session), don't decide upon a line to take and then ask RICHMOND and the rest what they think of it, announcing at the same time that your own mind is made up. The temptation of following a man who knows which way to turn is so great in an assembly like the House of Lords, that you are pretty sure, up to a certain point, to get your own way. This was all very well in old times. But times are changed, and, if I may say so, it is because I appreciate the change, and endeavour to go in advance of it, that I attained the successes of the last year.

Take the advice of a well-wisher, my dear Lord, who, though comparatively young is (at least WOLFFY will have it so) superlatively wise.

Yours faithfully,

Calcutta, January 14. RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL.

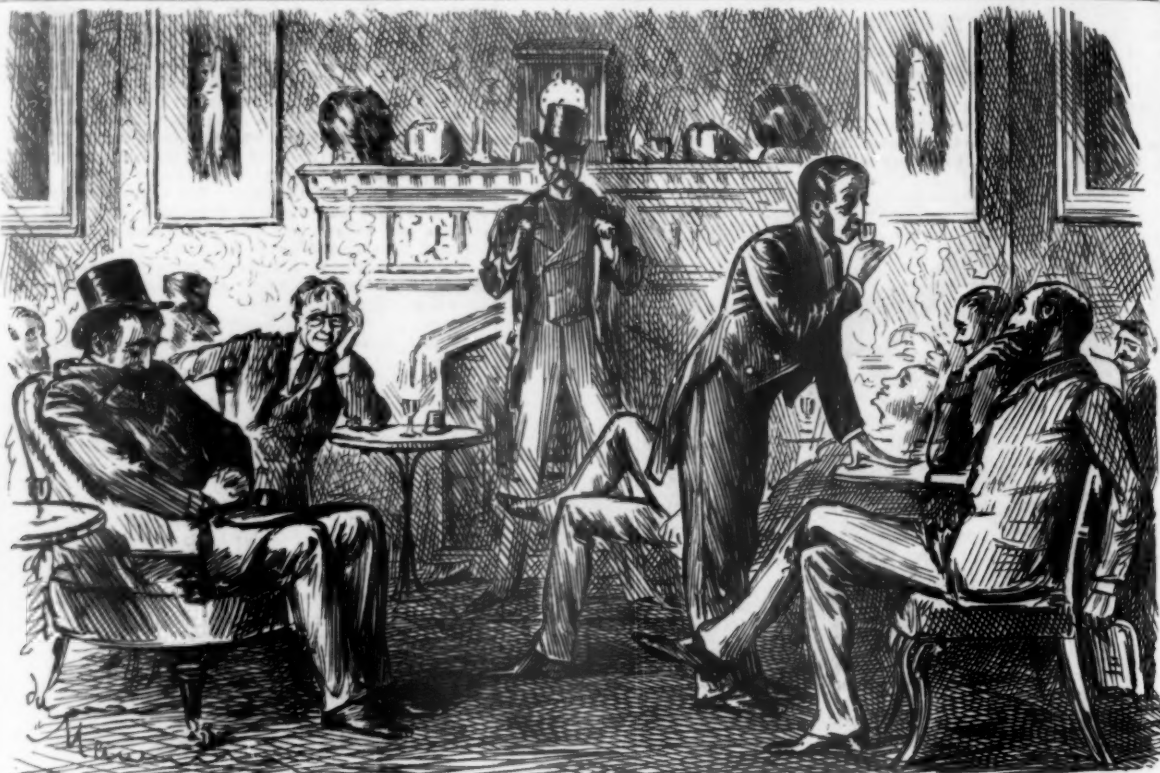
TO A GIRL OF TO-DAY.

A VALENTINE.

My Valentine! say what will take
Your fancy in these wayward times,
What guerdon I can give will make
You listen to my modish rhymes?
What fashion of to-day holds fast
Your heart, that I may give it voice;
Or are the fancies of the past
The things in which you most rejoice?
Are you "advanced," do you delight
In politics and wish a vote?
Do you the platform cheers invite,
I'll cry "Hear, hear!" with eager throat?
I'll vow that you should have a seat,
And gain the affix of M.P.,
If you will only love me, sweet,
And by the fireside vote for me.



Are you æsthetic, do you dress
In terra-cotta or sage green,
Your tender thoughts in verse express,
And rhymes that very little mean?
I'll yield to all you say and do,
And wear a lily 'mid men's jeers:
If only, Sweetheart, you'll be true,
As I shall be through all the years.
Be medical, prescribe your pills
And draughts to cure us when you please,
Your diagnoses of all ills
Afflicting us must surely please.
'Mid surgeons you may bear your part,
While LISTER looks on with surprise;
If you'll repair my broken heart,
With one glance of your healing eyes.
If mathematical, I'll learn
That awful Algebraic x ;
With joy to problems I'll return
That once my schoolboy soul would vex;
If muscular, at tennis strike
The ball across the net's drawn line—
In short, be anything you like,
My Pet, if only you'll be mine!



ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.

"LOOK HERE, WAITER! I ASKED FOR SHERRY, AND YOU'VE BROUGHT ME BRANDY! SMELL IT!"

"DEAR ME, SIR, SO IT IS! VERY SORRY, I'M SURE—AND YET IT'S VERY ODD! I'VE HELPED FIVE OR SIX OTHER GENTLEMEN OUT OF THE VERY SAME BOTTLE, AND NONE OF THEM HAS MADE ANY COMPLAINT!"

"TOO LATE!"

Too late! Too late! Loud through the desert sounds
That piteous cry, and to the farthest bounds
Of England's Empire echoes. There she stands,
BRITANNIA, stricken 'midst the Libyan sands
With bitter disappointment's venom'd dart,
Wrath in her soul and anguish at her heart.
Too late! And after hopes so high they took
The shape of certainty, and fired her look,
Anxious through crawling months of slow delay,
With joy's exultant light. That blunt, half gay
"All's well!" from her beleagu'ered hero, cast
Care from her burdened breast. "At last! At last!"
She cried, and we all with her, joy so danced
In all our veins.* So, gladly, she advanced
Swift though undoubting, eager now to clasp
That valiant hand in an impassioned grasp
In whose close pressure England's heart should speak.
And now! Can it be truth? Can one poor week
Only have sped since that "At Last!" forth brake
From those set lips? No pining plaints shall wake
The mocking desert echoes, no appeal
To aught but English hearts and English steel.
But yet, but yet the sight of those sheer walls
Manned by the foe, like noonday darkness falls
On eyes hope-bright. He held them, As, so long
Faithful 'midst falterers, 'midst much weakness strong.
He, one against ten thousand, left alone
Long months, each hour of which must wring a groan
From dogged dawdlers now; he fought, he planned;
That citadel, by one true man well manned,

Inviolable held, though cowardice, like a blade
Untempered, shivered, and his hand betrayed,
Though treachery's craven craft enmeshed him round,
He, vigilant as valiant, held his ground.
Our *Abdiel*, till the echoes of our shouts
Might almost reach his ears, till chilling doubts
Seemed all dispelled, till o'er the rushing Nile
His greeting came like a half mocking smile
Of cheery, cheering confidence; and then!—
The fingers falter, the recording pen
Drops in impatient indignation. Where
Is our lost lion? See his desert lair
Bristles with hostile spears. At Khartoum's gate
Brave GORDON greets us not! Too late! too late!

Of all life's phrases dreariest, shamefullest this,
Scourge of weak will, delay's stern Nemesis!
Not this the hour to echo faction's cry
Of half-exultant chiding, or to ply
The Party-phraser's venom'd word-lash. No!
But laggard wills, counsels confused and slow
Should need no sharper spur no keener goad
Than this to urge them on plain Honour's road.
A splendid legend *this* indeed to scrawl
In letters red as blood, with pen of gall
Across a page of Policy! "Too late!"
BELSHAZZAR's scroll was scarce more big with fate
Than such a shameful script. Erase, erase
The branding blot, ere on our History's face
It burn indelible as sin and shame,
Smirching the record of an honoured name,
Leaving the witness of a great soul lost
Through loitering littleness! Who'll now count cost,
Or nicely balance chances? Who cries "Wait,
Ponder, split hairs!" whilst gallant Gordon's fate
Hangs on the hours perchance? Who once again,
Clutching with tremulous hand the old Lion's mane,

* See Mr. Punch's Cartoon "At Last!" in preceding Number. "The Artist, in that admirable sketch, has simply translated the picture which had taken possession of every English imagination."—*Le Temps*, quoted by the "Times," February 7.



“TOO LATE!”

Telegram, Thursday Morning, Feb. 5.—“Khartoum taken by the MAHDI. General GORDON's fate uncertain.”

Bids him couch calmly, and abide the event,
Like a brave hound who, hot upon the scent.
Is leashed from launching on the quarry? Who,
Committed to a task he'd fain eschew
By fate, which stronger proves than human will,
And honour's self, which should be stronger still,
Will yet strain back till each constrained advance
Late taken, comes too late or fame to enhance
Or blood or treasure spare? Away, away
With the oft-proved utilities of delay!
Too long a land may trifle with its fate
Till angered Destiny writes a last "Too late!"

February 6th, 1885.

OUR LIVELY NEIGHBOURS AT THE ROYALTY.

M. MAYER's idea of establishing a French Theatre in London is excellent, and we should be sorry to see it fail for want of adequate support. It has succeeded up to the present beyond expectation, and if the venture were still bolder its immediate success would be certain, and its permanent place among our entertainments assured.

The engagement of Madame JANE HADING and M. DAMALA to play in *Le Maître de Forges* proved a great attraction.



The two Janes, qui ne nous gênent pas.

When we saw *The Iron-master* at the St. James's we were impatient of the story and of the people. Now we understand our feeling. The fact was we were seeing a thoroughly English Actor and Actress playing thoroughly French characters, in a thoroughly French play.

Could M. DAMALA and Madame JANE HADING play *William and Susan* in DOUGLAS JERROLD's play? Not a bit of it. If they attempted it, they would challenge comparison with Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, just as Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL challenge comparison with M. DAMALA and Madame JANE HADING in *Le Maître de Forges*.

On seeing Madame JANE HADING, the character of *Claire* became at once intelligible, and the whole plot, as a story of French life, possible. Madame JANE HADING's performance as *Claire* is very nearly perfect. It is difficult for an ordinary English playgoer to criticise a French Actress in such a piece as this, because he cannot precisely say what a Frenchman, or Frenchwoman, would do in certain given situations, and therefore he will find himself blaming as overacting what has simply to be set down to a correct representation of Gallic vivacity. Now, as *Claire*, Madame JANE HADING repeats one action with her right arm in every strong situation. But throughout her performance there are those touches of nature which elicit sympathy from every audience.

As for M. DAMALA, he has the tricks and manners of the French Actor, and might have been, possibly he was, an adequate representative of a French Ironmaster. His performance was jerky; but perhaps French Ironmasters are jerky; he thumped his chest in his excitement, which may be exactly what French Ironmasters do when excited. However this may be, the incontestable fact remains, that with any haphazard scenery, without any costly mounting, with only a fair ordinary French Company, with Actresses of no distinction, and wearing costumes which were neither elegant nor costly, the piece was so well acted as to attract crowded houses night after night during its run.

Madame JANE HADING played also in *Frou-Frou*, but good as she is in this, better, in respect of looking the part, than SARAH BERNHARDT could ever be, she could not, of course, any more than could SARAH, tough AIMÉE DESCLÈRE, for whom the part was originally written, and whose acting of it is even now fresh in our memories.

Another JANE is there now—JANE MAY. We have not yet seen her at her best, and so we should mark the difference between the two JANES by saying of the one "JANE Can," and of the other, "JANE MAY." JANE MAY has been playing CHAUMONT's part in *Divorçons*, and cleverly she did it; but most English playgoers have

seen CHAUMONT in this piece, either in London or Paris, so that we question whether it can be much of an attraction.

M. MAYER's venture requires most energetic management, and we wish him good luck. A good small working company, playing French novelties, and reviving some of the old pieces, ought to be an institution here, with a special *matinée* now and then for the classics, and an occasional star to shine through the London fogs in the winter.

AFTER ALL!

"A phrase I detest—the little phrase 'After all.'"—Mr. GOSCHEN at Edinburgh.

SAGACIOUS GOSCHEN, right you are!

(As generally you are right.)

The pining of the British Star,

In peaceful Trade, in patriot

fight,

Will follow "fumbling," feeble,

flabby,

And yet the phrase on which

you fall

Has senses not entirely shabby,

After all!

True there are twaddlers in the

State,

Traitors from folly or intent,

Who loudly lie, or vaguely prate,

Soul-bound by care for cent. per

cent.

But we have patriots stout and

true,

Statesmen who brood and do

not bawl,

Like—well, Sir, we may say like

you,

After all!

True, panders to the eager herd

Pour from our platforms bale-

ful blends

Of the unjust and the absurd,

For party aims or private

ends.

But their pea-bladders vainly

shake;

Cool sense will rouse at the

right call,

And make the quacks drop jaw,

and quake,

After all!

True, nerveless noodles aim to

hold

The reins of England's con-

quering car;

Hucksters in word-fray only bold,

Bunglers in peace and wars in

war.

But Cockney pseudo-Phæthon

Will never have the Country's

call;

She knows the true Automedon,

After all!

True, Shilly-Shally has its day,

The toothless tyke, like other

dogs;

And polly awhile may stray

In faction's fens, 'midst blun-

der's bogs.

Yet, Sir, late feats of Sword and

Pen

Prove, what shall save the old

Land from fall,

That Englishmen are Englishmen,

After all!

GOOD NEWS!

ENCOURAGED by the recent extraordinary success of Messrs. SCISBOIS and PASTE in Periodical Literature, and determined that *Tit Bits*, *Scraps*, and such-like papers, shall not have it all their own way, Messrs. DICKENS and EVANS have started *Sunday Words*, which of course must be very different from profane Week-Day Words and familiar Household Words. But why be quarrelsome? why do these partners "have words" at all? Yet, as they have thrown down the gauntlet, we intend to come out with *Sunday Sensational Stories*, which shall be strictly limited to such subjects as are most suitable to the day. Our first Number will contain—

The Old Clerk's Curse; or, the Perpetual Curate.

An Awful Visitation: a Story of Bishop Stortford.

A Vicar's Vengeance. (A Tale of the Times.)

The Idiot Sacristan; or, the Lonely Man in the Vestry.

The Pew-Opener's Knife (illustrated with cuts.)

Money has Wings; or Arms and Legs. (Extraordinary Revelations of a Burglarious Beadle who robbed the Money-Boxes, and subsequently repented.)

Chained to his Reading Desk; or, a First Lesson.

Three Sheets to the Choir (a Sailor's Sunday Story.)

The Dean. In Two Chapters.

More titles will be announced when the first Number is out.

LANDED!

THE Portuguese having seized the Congo, other aggressive measures by rival Powers are hourly expected. The following list of recent acquisitions may be relied upon as (all but) authentic:—Switzerland has annexed the North Pole, in spite of the remonstrances of the Czar and the Sublime Porte; Roumania has declared a Protectorate of all that remains of Australasia, much to the indignation of the Government of New South Wales; Belgium has proclaimed Mexico and other South American Republics a part of her Colonies, regardless of the threatened assassination of her Consul in Washington; and, in defiance of the earnest protest of the Six Great Powers and all the Potentates of Asia, inclusive of the Emperor of CHINA and the Mikado of Japan, Spain has run off with the Equator!

BALLAD OF THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

[The Ichthyosaurus laments his incomplete development and imperfect education. He aspires to better things.]



I ABIDE in a goodly Museum
Frequented by sages profound,
In a kind of a strange mausoleum,
Where the beasts that have vanished
abound.
There's a bird of the Ages Triassic
With his antediluvian beak,
And many a reptile Jurassic,
And many a monster antique!

Ere Man was developed, our brother,
We swam, and we ducked, and we
dived,
And we dined, as a rule, on each other.
What matter, the toughest survived!
Our paddles were fins, and they bore us
Through water,—in air we could fly;
But the brain of the Ichthyosaurus
Was never a match for his eye!

The geologists, active and eager,
Its excellence hasten to own,
And praise, with no eulogy meagre,
The eye that is plated with bone!
"See how, with unerring precision,
His prey through the waves he could spy;
Oh, wonderful organ of vision,
Gigantic and beautiful eye!"

Then I listen in gloomy dejection,
I gaze, and I wish I could weep,
For what is mere visual perfection
To Intellect, subtle and deep?
A loftier goal is before us,
For higher endowments we sigh,
But—the brain of the Ichthyosaurus
Was never a patch on his eye!

It owned no supreme constitution,
Was shallow, and simple, and plain,
While mark but the fair convolution
And size of the Aryan brain!
'Tis furnished for School-Board inspections,
And garnished for taking degrees,
And bulging in many directions,
As every phrenologist sees.

Sometimes it explodes at high pressure
In harsh, overwhelming demand,
But, plied in unmerciful measure,
It's wonderful what it will stand!
In cottage, in college, and mansion
Bear witness the girls and the boys,
How great are its powers of expansion,
How very peculiar its joys!

O Brain that is bulgy with learning,
O Wisdom of women and men,
O Maids for a First that are yearning,
O Youths that are lectured by WREN!
You're acquainted with Pisces and Taurus
And all sorts of beasts in the sky,
But the brain of the Ichthyosaurus
Was never so good as his eye!

Reconstructed by DARWIN or OWEN
We dwell in sweet Bloomsbury's halls,
But we couldn't have passed Little-go in
The Schools; we'd have floundered in Smalls!
Though so cleverly people restore us
We are bound to confess, with a sigh,
That the brain of the Ichthyosaurus
Was never so good as his eye!

THE BUTLERS OF GREAT MEN.

(Interviewed by Our Own Back-stairs Representative.)

No. III.—AT PROFESSOR R-SK-N'S.

I EXPERIENCED no difficulty whatever in getting into the grounds; for, as every one knows, perfect consistency is the key-note to the distinguished Professor's character. The apostle who has so long preached the ungrudging diffusion of light and beauty among the masses, is naturally not the man selfishly to wall up his flower-beds and kitchen-garden, or, for the matter of that, the contents of his plate-chest. As I expected, there was no sort of hindrance to my movements, and I soon found myself, in company with many straggling loafers, not only roving at my leisure all over the place, but strolling about the house, invading the rooms, and even prying into unlocked drawers, and turning over their contents with an ease and freedom that were, in their way, as novel as they were delightful. My chief trouble, however, was to get hold of the great man's Butler. "He will not," I said to myself, "be exactly like any ordinary man's Butler." I was quite right. He was not. I found him in the drawing-room, lounging, in his shirt-sleeves, on an American chair, and smoking a long clay pipe, with his legs on the mantel-piece. As I entered, he was looking carelessly over a few loose Botticellis that stood in a pile on a music-stool beside him. He rose with a good-humoured laugh at my approach. I rapidly explained the nature of my business.

"You want to see what kind of a place we live in?" he began, pleasantly. "Certainly," he resumed, stepping out into the verandah as I followed him. "This is Liberty Hall, and no mistake, as the Governor says, so make your own little game, and go where you like. We don't look up nothing here. Art, bless his 'art, I say,—

is free to everybody. That's what refines 'em. Look at me!" he continued, growing a little more communicative as we stood opposite a large painted notice-board bearing the legend, "You are requested to walk on the grass and pick the flowers;" "you wouldn't have thought it, but I was a Brummagem burglar once; but I've been levelled up to this here by looking at rare old prints, learning a step or two of a Greek hornpipe, and pulling buttercups to pieces by the bushel just to see what's inside of 'em!"

I was much interested. "Indeed?" I responded, almost inquiringly, turning at the same time towards the rather unusual announcement on the notice-board. "And does he," I continued, "really mean and act up to that?"

"Act up to it? Rather! Why, we very nearly stuck in 'You may worry the waterfowl, too, if you like;' only he thought it might pr'aps lead up to a Museum of Stuffed Birds, or something fiddling of that sort, which isn't his idea of getting what he calls a good 'lesson' out of 'em, don't you know. So we just stuck to the grass; not that many takes advantage of it; for your true child of culture with nobler aims and aspirations, as the saying is, prefers rummaging about in the house and taking away some artistic memento quietly in his pocket, if it's only a bit of old Chelsea, just to remind him of his visit, and 'sweeten and strengthen his life to the end of his living days,' as the Governor puts it,—that's to say, provided always the Police don't get at him in the meantime, and make it too hot."

He looked at me with much significance as he spoke, and I possibly might have replied, but at this moment, as we turned the angle of the house, a group of middle-aged but myrtle-crowned revellers came full into view, rolling about, apparently in some pain, on the velvet and beautifully-kept lawn.

"Who are these?" I asked, involuntarily.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS.—No. 1.



A CABINET COUNCIL.

"Them?" was the laconic reply. "A party of converted Stock-brokers, who have given up money-making after taking in and reading all the back numbers of *Fora Clavigera*. Some people says they're off their heads. Not they. It's only the wine."

I looked at my informant for explanation.

"That's all," he continued, surveying the writhing group with amused but critical interest. "The Governor won't have any of your modern mixtures,—champagne, and all that. Not a bit of it. But he gives 'em 'pure Falernian,'—that's what he calls it; only he won't have any but the ancient dodges of bottling, which don't improve it for drinking after three months."

"LYSIMACHUS MAXIMUS," he'll say to me, 'the nectar of the immortal gods is not to be subjected to the everlasting infamy of prisonship in a Nineteenth Century Worcester Sauce bottle; leave it free to the pure blue of Heaven in the open *amphora*.' And so I do,—and that's why," he continued, pointing to the lively group before us. "it often gets a little corked."

We were in the house again now. I noticed that everywhere there were no signs of the comfort or luxury of these latter days, but that, conformably with the magnificent consistency of the great denunciator of all modern labour and progress, the rooms were cheerless, uncomfortable, and bare. But I was fatigued, and I sat down on the first thing that came to hand, a rude construction that I took to be a sort of iron armchair. As I did so, however, the back came off, the bottom came out, and I was violently precipitated on to the floor.

I rose, rubbing my elbow. My companion smiled.

"You had better have left that alone," he remarked, "it's the last of six he made without a furnace. You know his hobby about

putting an end to factory-chimbleys, and all that? Well,—that's what it means. It's all very well raving at Brummagem—but it's no joke, I can tell you, having to use a flower-pot for a fish-kettle!"

I was about to reply when a weary, worn-out, mud-begrimed figure staggered into the room, and flung itself, exhausted, on to a bundle of hay and rushes in the corner.

"Come along," whispered my guide, "that's the Governor just arrived! And isn't he done, rather?"

"Is it far from the Station?" I inquired, softly.

"The Station?" he replied, looking at me from head to foot. "Why, don't you know Railways is his abomination? Bless you, he has walked the whole way—every inch!"

"Every inch? Where from?"

"Where from? Why, from Oxford. *He always does.*"

"Dear me!" I said to myself as I got into the omnibus for Ambleside, "the Great Professor is certainly a consistent man!"

In a Nutshell.

(After Southey.)

"WHAT was it that they fought about?

And what was there to win?"

"Why, partly to get GORDON out;
More, to keep GLADSTONE in!"

BLUE LIGHTS.

Thrown on the Practice of the Two Crews by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Dark Blue Practice.



Light Blew.



Pulling Over the Course.



Setting the Stroke.



A Rattling Spin.



Form somewhat Ragged.



Picked Up by a Scratch Crew.



Style and Catch.



The Crew went Right Through.



Pulling to the Lock.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. IV.—DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

COMMUNICATIONS upon the old, old grievance, so crowd upon me, that I feel compelled to give it the next place in my terrible list. What a fearful experience I am gaining of the miserable lives passed by a large number of my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, of what are ironically called the higher classes of Society, in regard to this one especial grievance; and how heartily grateful should that portion of the public be who are compelled by their fortunate poverty to do without this domestic plague. I can only ask for room for a very few samples, leaving the Public to imagine the rest by drawing upon their own sad experience:—

SIR,—I ask you to allow me to state my own grievance, which is probably that of many others, and which I doubt not will obtain me

your ready sympathy. I reside some twenty miles from London, eight miles from a Railway Station, so we are as nice and quiet all the year round as any reasonable Servant can require to be. My good husband is of a very studious disposition, and, when he is in his study, it is understood that he must not be disturbed, as the slightest noise affects his sensitive temper for the rest of the day. My poor daughter is an invalid, and I, unfortunately, am rather deaf, so our Servant has nothing whatever from morning till night to take off her attention from her various duties; and yet, with all these advantages, and £10 a year, I find such difficulty in keeping my Servants, that the constant change worries my poor husband, worries my poor daughter, and worries me. The strangest thing is that not one of them will ever give me a reason for leaving my quiet paradise. Nothing but some such silly excuse as that "it's quite enough to drive a poor girl mad," or, as one saucy mix said, "I shouldn't object to an earthquake for a change!" or, as another said, "I might as well be in a deaf and dumb Asylum." I wish some kind soul would explain this mystery to me. E. G.

SIR,—I thank you heartily, beforehand, for giving me the chance I have so long waited for. I believe myself to be about the most patient and long-suffering householder in the whole Metropolis, and my wife, who is truthfulness itself, especially as quarter-day approaches, confirms me in that belief, but on this particular subject of "Household Pests," patience becomes imbecility and forbearance a crime. Why should my Home cease to be "Sweet Home," thanks to my slovenly lazy Housemaid, and my "Joins be out of time," as Hamlet says, thanks to my irregular Cook, and my Children allowed to scream themselves hoarse and me wild with excitement, thanks to my stupid Nurse? I use the word "thanks" ironically, you will know what word it represents. As I shall shortly lose my three treasures (!), I have some thoughts of advertising somewhat as follows:—

"Three young Ladies wanted as useless Helps in the family of a Gentleman. No character required. Caps and aprons at discretion. No especial hours for rising or retiring, or for taking necessary exercise. Very liberal diet, good wine-cellar, and Bass's Pale Ale always on draught. Followers allowed from 8 to 11 P.M. A quiet friendly dance for them and their friends once a month. Two Barrel Organs daily, and a Brass Band twice a week. A month at the Seaside every summer, either Margate or Ramsgate, as may be preferred. Salaries on a most liberal scale, and everything found. Each young Lady is requested to bring her own silver fork and spoon, which will be cleaned for her by the Page. The Employer cleans his own boots, gives no trouble, and answers the street-door bell if within hearing. His wife does most of the menial duties, but requests assistance in making the beds and in dusting the drawing-room. A man attends every morning to do all the disagreeable work. Apply, at the most convenient time, to C. S., near the Bankruptcy Court, Basinghall Street, E.C. P.S.—There is a Piano in the front kitchen, and tickets are provided for the Monday Pops throughout the Season."

This would probably bring us a change; and as any change must be an improvement, I have serious thoughts of trying it. C. S.

SIR,—Where are our old uncomplaining Household Drudges, who, being unable to either read or write, had nothing to distract their attention for a single hour from their work, and were therefore as useful and uncomplaining as our horses and dogs and our other domestic animals? Ah! those were happy days, in those good old times, which, I fear, will never return. Why it is, I cannot understand, but absolute devotion to other people's interest, such as we reasonably expect from those we kindly employ, is getting rarer and rarer every day, and the only effect of educating those beneath us is exactly what I always foreboded it would be; that is, to make them dissatisfied with our reasonable requirements. Take my own case, for instance. All that I require and expect is, absolute obedience without remonstrance or remark, absolute willingness—nay, eagerness—to meet my wishes in every respect, and absolute contentment, displayed in constant cheerfulness, good humour, and punctuality. And yet I find increasing difficulty in obtaining them, although I do give £9 a year, and two half-pints of beer a day. D. B.

SIR,—My opinion of the greatest plagues of civilised life is short, sharp, and decisive. Servants are simply our intolerable masters and our unendurable mistresses. I am a housekeeper of but two years' standing, but I have had such practical experience of the numberless forms of misery that they can and do inflict upon us, that I feel as well qualified to speak of them as the oldest sufferer among us. I am, to my sorrow, a collector of articles *de vertu*. Presuming, I suppose, in their dense ignorance, that these priceless treasures are improved by what are called flaws, there is scarcely one of them that is not chipped, or cracked, or otherwise maltreated by their heavy blundering hands. Complaint is useless, or worse. I don't dare give them warning, fearing what irreparable mischief the wondrous Cat might commit during the perilous month preceding their departure. So I endure my miserable and anxious existence as best I may, and treat my Tyrants with the deference inspired by cowardly fear and smothered hatred. J. W.

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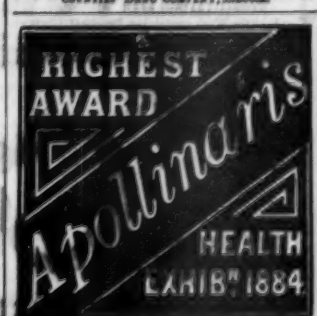
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